

# The Icelandic Canadian

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## *Iceland's Independence*

By BERGTHOR EMIL JOHNSON

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A tiny nation on the fringe of the Arctic, regained the last vestige of her former independence this June, when Iceland, by an overwhelming majority vote of the population and the unanimous support of all parties in the "Althing", severed the last remaining tie with Denmark. In a war-racked world, where the word "freedom" has become but a pale memory for so many—both nations and individuals—this achievement of sovereign power by so small a race, stands unique.

By a curious anomaly, Iceland is reaching her goal of complete autonomy at a time when she is under occupation by American troops. True, the occupation is a friendly one, with as little interference with internal administrative affairs as is consistent with military necessity. It was carried out in the first place by British forces, subsequently joined by some Canadian units. These, in turn, were replaced by the Americans who are still in possession. When victory is won, the occupation will come to an end. Definite assurance to this effect was given personally, to the Icelandic people, by Winston Churchill when he visited the British forces there two years ago.

Iceland as an independent nation will make many changes. One of these may possibly be a closer alignment with the Western hemisphere, especially the United States. Up until the outbreak of the war, Iceland's foreign policy was linked with that of Denmark; her trade was mostly with Europe; her cultural ties lay in the same area; and her young people used European centres of

learning almost exclusively for post graduate work and specialized training.

Signs are not wanting that all this is changing. When Denmark fell to Germany in 1940, Iceland assumed control of her own foreign policy and has since established legations at Washington, London and Moscow—indicating that these are the countries which she considers most important to her future. Iceland's trade has shifted to the United States and Britain. English is rapidly becoming Iceland's second language, replacing Danish. It is taught in all schools above the primary grades and great emphasis is laid upon it. In addition, Icelandic students pursue their studies on this continent of late years, especially in the United States—be they interested in the arts, sciences, professions or in commerce and industry. Two score are registered at the University of California alone, and others are located elsewhere in the States and Canada. Without exception they have made a favorable impression, and their influence as "good-will" ambassadors for their country is immense. Undoubtedly, they will also take back to their homeland something of the culture and spirit of America.

Still another factor to indicate that Iceland may line up with the great English speaking powers in the near future, is found in her strategic position on the northern air routes of the world. Assuredly she will constitute a highly important link in any system devised for safeguarding through the skyways, the peace and freedom of the North.

The people of Iceland are ready for

their freedom, for theirs was a tradition of liberty and self-government from the "golden age" of their first republic. With logic and reason as their weapons, they have fought persistently for a century for their rights, never departing from constitutional methods. While the story of that struggle is told, step by step and in detail, elsewhere in this issue, three dates stand out, marking periods in which it is clearly demonstrated that progress—both material and cultural—is the natural result of increased freedom.

These dates are 1854, which broke the Danish trade monopoly; 1874, which restored the legislative power of the "Althing", freed the judiciary, and eventually led to control of the exchequer; and 1918, which left Iceland free, except in that she chose to share Denmark's foreign policy and her king.

The first period was one of extremely slow recovery, for Iceland found herself without shipping, without capital, without markets; farms were run down and equipment and methods obsolete; housing was in dangerous disrepair, and the hazardous and ill equipped fishing industry took a heavy toll of life from among the able bodied and young men of the nation. It took time to build from nothing.

From 1874 to 1918, the pace of progress grew faster, although, during that time the country suffered the loss of approximately one fifth of her population through migration to Canada and the United States. Nevertheless the gains were marked and many, not the least of which was the founding of an adequate trans-ocean and coastal shipping service and the advent of the co-operative movement. Both are powerful. The Co-operatives have been a great factors in the standardization of products and in industrial development. Housing, health, education and industrial equipment all made gains as well.

But it is since the virtual self-government Act of 1918 that the pace of progress may be described as phenomenal. Iceland took the "depression" in

her stride with a minimum of unemployment; her trade balance is favorable; her primary products, in the main, are now processed in the country and go in the holds of her own ocean liners to markets abroad; waterpower in which the country abounds, has been harnessed for the use of industry, towns and farms, many farmers having their own plants; housing has been almost completely rebuilt, agriculture is being modernized and expanded; Iceland's hot springs with their boiling water are being used extensively to grow garden stuff and flowers—to heat the houses and institutions of the capital—to provide laundries and bathrooms with hot water—and even in some instances to cook with; the state supplies medical services; education has been broadened and expanded and includes several folk schools for adults and a fine university. One of the world's most modern fishing fleets belongs to the country, with life saving service to match; and before the war, the tourist trade made a healthy contribution to income.

These are only a few of the highlights of the changes for the better. Together with the material blessings, there has come an outpouring of literature which in both quality and quantity exceeds, per capita, anything produced elsewhere in the world during the same period.

The people of Iceland are solidly united in their decision to shape their course themselves from now on. Their long and hardfought struggle for independence has taught them to value freedom as never before. If they are found in the lee of the English speaking democracies after the post-war pacts have been written, it will be by their own choice and because they regard them as the greatest hope for liberty for the small peoples of the world.

With the dedication of this issue of the Icelandic Canadian to Iceland and her independence day go the congratulations and the good wishes of the publishers and staff of the magazine.

## Essay Contest

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The Editorial Board regrets to announce that the essay contest on the subject, "Iceland Becomes a Republic," had to be abandoned. The Board accepts the blame for this inasmuch as the time allowed for preparing the essay was entirely too short especially in view of the difficulty of getting authentic source material in English. The rules laid down for the contest were that the essays were to be judged on "literary merit and authenticity of material

used." The judges, Mr. J. J. Bildfell, Miss Salome Halldorson, B. A., and Professor Skuli Johnson, found that none of the three essays submitted, came up to the standards set. As their decision was final, that ended the matter.

However, the Board, in recognition of the gallant effort to co-operate, made by the three young people who submitted entries, has sent each one of them a letter of thanks accompanied by a small honorarium.

—S. J. S.

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## *Icelandic National Song*

From the Icelandic of BJARNI THORARENSEN

Translated by I. DORRUM

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Ancient beloved land,  
Snow-capped from fell to strand  
And verdant shore,  
While seas their billows raise  
Thy sons shall sing thy praise  
In strains of skaldic lays,  
Hence as of yore.

Mighty thy mounts on high  
Rise in the azure sky,  
In sunset glow.  
Rivers and gushing streams  
Murmur of ancient dreams,  
While hues and sparkling gleams  
Enchant thy snow.

Ancient beloved land,  
Snow-capped from fell to strand  
High, rugged, free!  
God bless thy course, we pray,  
Safeguard thy wake and way,  
Long as the sky shall stay  
Thy canopy.

## *The Spirit of Iceland*

A radio address delivered by Judge W. J. Lindal as part of a half hour broadcast over the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on June 17, 1944, in recognition of the restoration of the Republic of Iceland.

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Today marks the restoration of the republic of Iceland. But it is something very much more. It marks the final objective attained by a people permeated with a spirit which is older than they themselves, a spirit so strong and virile that it has governed all their thoughts and actions from ancient times to this very day.

Theirs is a spirit of freedom.

Being born in freedom it combines a demand for personal liberty with an urge to reach out into the unknown. Its beginnings can be traced back to the fountain head of democracy in North Central Europe from which peoples migrated east, south and west, and across the seas. Wherever these people went that same spirit guided them and took root in the new soil.

The settlement of Iceland was more than an escape from Harold the Hair Fair who subdued all of Norway. It was part of a general emigration and founding of colonies. Erik the Red was too restless to remain in Iceland. He ventured further and discovered Greenland where he founded a colony. His son Leif the Lucky struck the east coast of North America, sailed on south and reached a place on the coast where he came across berries from which he made wine and called the land "Vinland."

But in Iceland, an island far out in the ocean, there were no outside influences to mar the growth of democracy. There a classic language was preserved in all its richness of expression and form — the language of the Sagas, which are a living image of the spirit of freedom in its ancient form.

It is a spirit of the wider vision.

When local disorders occurred or disputes arose which the independent priest-chieftains could not settle the customary result did not follow. An ambitious leader did not arise, overcome all resistance and establish absolute rule. Instead a general meeting was held and Althing was formed. It was a national assembly for all the people, a highest court which settled disputes brought to it from the local districts. A thousand years ago the freemen of Iceland took the larger view, saw what was needed for the people as a whole — a vital world truth now being writ in the blood of millions of human beings.

It is a religious spirit.

At a meeting of Althing, in the year 1000, there were three groups present: the heathens who were the largest group, the Christians, and others who were more or less neutral. There in Althing these men of antiquity deliberated. Something in the hearts of the heathens must have responded to the pleas of the Christians. Democracy and Christianity found a common chord. The story goes that the lawspeaker was assigned to find a basis of agreement. For twenty-four hours he conferred with no one — at least not of this world. He came back, made his report and Christ-

ianity was adopted in Iceland. Not a sword unsheathed, not a drop of blood spilled.

It is a spirit that bows to the law.

The Anglo-Saxons and the Normans brought it with them to England where the Common Law grew and the Parliamentary System developed. In Iceland the ancient law-sage Njáll said: "By the law the land shall be builded." Respect for the law has been an Icelandic trait ever since.

The spirit of Iceland is of the individual.

In ancient and modern times alike it has brought out the best in man.

It became the fashion in early Iceland that young men sailed abroad, usually to Norway. There they were received in the courts of Kings and Queens and by reason of their literary gifts and athletic prowess were held in great esteem, became court poets and were given high posts of trust and honour.

Many centuries later descendants of these people sailed to North America. Here, after the toil of the pioneers had laid the foundation, the young men and women, thirsting for knowledge and eager to reach places of responsibility and duty, made their way to halls of learning, where they ranked among the best, and gained entree into high places of trust and public service. It was but natural and inevitable that in the two wars of liberation of mankind the call to highest duty found a ready response in the youth of such people.

It is a spirit that will not die.

During the middle ages, down to the year 1800, the peoples of Iceland suffered untold hardships. Volcanoes erupted, spreading lava for hundreds of miles; icebergs came in the spring in ever increasing numbers; merciless foreign monopolies sapped the nation's substance; Black Death and other plagues came in from distant lands.

People and livestock perished. Some feared that they had either to face extinction or else leave their beloved island home. Did the people lose their grip? No. At eventide, in the bed-living room, the family gathered. The mother span, the daughter carded the wool, others knitted or repaired garments. The father recited poems or read stories from the Sagas. The spirit of Iceland lived.

It is an international spirit.

The people of Iceland, and indeed of Denmark as well, have shown that international adjustments can be made and disputes settled in the democratic way. Through peaceful negotiation these two countries have separated. There were no threats by the stronger of the two. Not a gun was fired, not a bomb exploded.

Now, almost seven centuries after it lost its independence, Iceland once more becomes a republic.

The Spirit of Iceland is a beacon light along the path of democratic evolution.

## *One Hundred Years of Strife and Struggle*

By **HALLDOR E. JOHNSON**



For almost seven centuries, Iceland has owed allegiance to foreign kings, first Norwegian then Danish. Space does not permit me to go into the history of bygone centuries or to explain how the first republic north of the Alps, lost its independence. My task is to trace out the cardinal steps in the century-long struggle for liberty. This struggle by our kinsfolk in Iceland we refer to as a "fight" for freedom, although to others it may seem trivial and colorless, inasmuch as it is not marked by any military victories. It was not fought on gory battlefields where heroes sanctify the episodes with immortal deeds of valor in self-sacrificing devotion to their country's cause.

The fact is the Icelanders fought their battles with the pen and not with the sword—with arguments and logic and not with gunpowder. They gained their objective with reason and persuasion and not by military might.

Have not the Icelanders given the whole world a most salutary lesson in this? This is the way the nations from now on must settle their differences if destructive warfares are to be avoided. In that way only can the smaller nations guard their liberty and their dignity. This is the method the great powers also must employ, if they are not to be the oppressors of future generations.

While telling this story of Iceland's fight for independence, two things must be borne in mind; the motivating causes, and the personalities and the policies of the Icelandic leaders.

The easiest way to expound the former is simply to state that the Icelanders were carried away by the floodtide of liberalism engendered by the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire and the European philosophers in general. Undoubtedly the Icelanders were deeply affected by

the upsurge of this widespread political idealism but there were also attendant circumstances peculiar to Iceland that must be taken into account.

Denmark itself was an absolute monarchy up to the year 1849 and this absolutism extended to Iceland as well. But even an absolute monarch could not do everything and be everywhere. He had to delegate some part of his power to subordinates and these were naturally more anxious to please the court circle than the people. It was a common practice to send the highborn, Danish wastrels to Iceland as governors and this was a source of constant irritation to the Icelanders.

On the other hand, the Icelanders who had to go to the Royal University of Copenhagen for higher education, came into close contact with the new, startling theory of democracy or folk rule, which at the period permeated the political philosophy of the world, and found its fullest expression in the literary romanticism of the eighteenth century. This literary romanticism idealized the heroism of the past and extolled patriotism above all other human virtues. Freedom, so the argument ran, was not merely the inalienable right of the natural man but also the necessary condition for progress and civilization. To the romanticists the commoner, rather than the king, was the paragon of human virtues; in the citizenry at large, rather than in the nobility, dwelt the right to rule and the hope of the future!

One of the first Icelanders to be indoctrinated with this new idea was the poet and naturalist, Jonas Hallgrímsson. With inspiring lyrical lucidity he depicted the lost liberty and splendor of the heroic past. In the dales, the shepherd would sing the soul stirring verses of this beloved bard and the beauty of his native land stood revealed

to him in all its splendor with the mid-night sun glinting on the glaciers or sparkling on the blue bosom of the mountain lake. The fisherman in the fjords, in turn would sing of the fair ships that sailed the sea when freemen sought wealth and glory in distant lands. It quickened their life-pulse, and kindled a new desire to emulate their forebears.

But to attain national well being two things were essential: freedom of action and practical leadership.

In his book "Iceland The First American Republic", Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson cites an interesting instance. The roof on the official residence of the Icelandic bishop in Reykjavik was old and leaky. It took the bureaucrats in Copenhagen two years to vote money for the necessary repair and all this time the poor bishop had to endure the blessings of heaven descending upon his consecrated head in the form of chilling showers, or else have his secretary hold an umbrella over it while he composed the pastoral epistles.

If it took these gentlemen two years to protect the man of God from the inclemency of the weather, how long would it take them to decide on a bridge across one of the numerous mountain streams? Well that did not bother them much for they built no bridges. Where should they lay roads? No one in the king's council knew or bothered so no roads were laid. Should they establish a school or two? Who could tell if the Icelanders needed them, or what kind of schools? Obviously the safest way to avoid mistakes was to do nothing, and that is just what they did.

Such were the conditions when the great leader, Jon Sigurdsson appeared on the scene.

Any country would have been proud to claim him as a son, any nation happy to have him for a leader. Sigurdsson was one of those rare personalities that appear once in a while on the horizon as a lodestar to living people and an inspiring influence on the life of succeeding generations.

He was a scholar of great distinction in the fields of archaeology, history and philology. He would doubtless have been given a chair in any of the Scandinavian universities; but deliberately he chose a life of privation to serve his country.

He had the keen, practical mind of a true statesman, the radiating enthusiasm of a true patriot. In his influential annual "Ny Felagsrit" he wrote as follows:

"There are three issues of utmost importance to us Icelanders, issues that need a quick and satisfactory solution: the matter of parliament (financial and constitutional reforms), the matter of education, and the matter of trade. Upon the outcome of these issues our progress is largely dependent. Most certainly the rapidity of our progress is dependent on them. Althing (parliament) is to kindle and nourish the national life and spirit. The schools are to light the spark of intellectual life and power, and to provide the knowledge which will make men capable of achieving the greatest good.

Trade is to supply the material need of the country, bring prosperity, increase and improve employment and industry and thus, in turn, aid the spiritual forces."

His insistence upon free trade needs a little interpretation. Trade monopoly prevailed in almost all countries up to a comparatively recent date. It was the habit of the Danish government to lease the different trade districts, into which Iceland was divided, to individual merchants, and it was not only unlawful to trade with foreigners, but also with the Danish merchants of the other localities. At the close of the seventeenth century a farmer by the name of Holmfastur Gudmundsson was publicly flogged for selling a few fish outside his district, and another, Tomas Konrads-son, was sentenced to slave labor in the fortress of Bremerholm.

Of course the merchants abused their privileges most shamefully. They frequently sold, not only inferior, but

also injurious foodstuffs to the Icelanders, as for instance mildewed, putrid and wormy flour. Sometimes they refused to buy the produce of the farmers and hundreds of barrels of oil and thousands of pelts had to be destroyed.

Under such conditions, the nation sank into poverty and deteriorated culturally, physically and mentally. In the end, thanks to the skilful campaign of Jon Sigurdsson, the Danes realized the viciousness of their policy, and the Icelanders were granted the right to trade wherever they chose.

To gain political autonomy proved naturally more difficult. But Sigurdsson was not only a great scholar and a farseeing statesman but also a resourceful politician. For centuries past, Iceland has been the repository of Nordic culture. This had earned the country a great respect in learned circles in all Teutonic countries. Jon Sigurdsson was widely known as an outstanding scholar and exponent of Old Norse literature. He was a co-worker of many Europeans in the same field. This connection he utilized skilfully to spread his propaganda for the freedom of his native land. After the disastrous Danish-Prussian war of 1863, the Danes became fearful for their own independence and desired the friendship of foreign nations. The Icelandic propaganda had by this time become a thorn in their flesh and they had to do something about it.

Sigurdsson based his demands on legal ground. He used one incontrovertible argument: When the Icelanders in the year 1264 agreed to accept the Norwegian King as their sovereign they did so on condition that Icelandic laws and customs should be retained. In other words they were not the subjects of the Norwegian nation, nor of the Danish nation after the union of the two countries, but only of their kings, and only they themselves had the right to make laws for Iceland, subject to the approval of the sovereign.

The Danes appointed their greatest legal light to refute this dangerous

doctrine. This was the opportunity Sigurdsson had been waiting for. In the debate with professor Larsen, Jon Sigurdsson employed all his matchless learning and logic to good advantage. The argument awoke interest not only in Denmark but also in the outside world. When the Danes sensed this sentiment they hastened to grant Iceland a constitution with a large amount of autonomy under the king.

Hence the Althing was resurrected in 1874 as a law making body. A kingdom had thus yielded to pressure from a single man.

This constitution did not grant the Icelanders parliamentary government in the fullest sense. The governor was appointed by the Danish king upon the advice of the Danish minister of justice, who was also entrusted with Icelandic affairs. This minister was responsible only to the Danish Rigsdag, the members of which in turn represented the Danish, but not the Icelandic, electorate. Furthermore, every measure passed by the Icelandic Althing had to be submitted to the king-in-council although in the Danish cabinet, Iceland had no representation.

The ink was hardly dry on the document, when the Icelanders, under the fiery leadership of Benidikt Sveinsson, a former high court judge commenced a new struggle for still greater political freedom, and a more representative government. Year after year the Althing passed the draft of a new constitution, only to be vetoed by the king on the advice of his Danish ministers. But finally fate played into the hands of the Icelanders. Shortly after the turn of the century the liberal party came into power in Denmark. This party was most anxious to end the long strife with the Icelanders and a new liberal constitution was inaugurated. The seat of government was henceforth in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, and headed by an Icelandic ministry responsible to the Althing alone.

Yet this constitution did not remove all sources of friction. When the Ice-

landers established their own steamship companies and started to sail to foreign ports the question of the flag came to assume a greater importance. The Danes would not grant them the rights to sail under their own flag.

Naturally Iceland resented this, but could not do much about it as she was not an accredited sovereign state. Another source of irritation was the consular service, there being a general feeling that the Danish consuls neglected the Icelandic interest. Icelandic commercial attaches were sent to the ports to which Icelandic produce was consigned, but they had no legal status except as special agents of the Danish legations.

The old question of the Danish overlordship came to the fore once more. Danish authorities had to sign the appointment of the Icelandic ministers to legalize their tenure of office. Though but a question of form, this was a bit humiliating for the Icelanders and seemed to signify their dependency on Denmark.

A new independence party arose under the leadership of the talented and popu-

lar Skuli Thoroddsen. As before, the Icelanders exhausted the Danes with their reiterated demands. The Danes desired to regain part of Schleswig, from the Germans at the end of the first world war, so they tried to buy the goodwill of the great powers by being generous to the Icelanders. So in 1918 they granted them full independence and the king became the king of Denmark and Iceland. This was a personal union pure and simple.

It was explicitly stated in the treaty that Denmark and Iceland are both free and sovereign states only united by a common king. It was also stated that the treaty had a lifetime of twenty-five years. At the end of that period both were free to renew it or abrogate it at will, so that in severing this last remaining tie with Denmark on June 17, the Icelanders are entirely within their rights. The fact that Iceland has chosen this particular date on which to formally declare herself a sovereign state is in tribute to her most illustrious son and patriot, Jon Sigurdsson who was born on that day.



## *And Still The Ball Rolls On*

by HELEN SWINBURNE



The miser's coin is counted up;  
The wise man's lips are still and cold;  
The pleasure-seeker's fill is drunk;  
The warrior has blindly slain  
His foe; the dreamer's raft is moored.  
Death took his toll and now these lie,  
Bereft of all they loved in life,  
Dreaming beneath the dust.  
Then lo, Fate gathers up her cards—  
Love and wisdom, sin and pain—  
Re-shuffles . . . . deals again.

Behold, they all arise anew!  
The miser counts his coin of gold;  
The pleasure-seeker laughs to scorn  
The wise words of the sage;  
The warrior's sword is stained with  
blood;  
The dreamer sails on dreamland seas;  
Then these, in turn, are gone.  
But still the hound is on the leash;  
The duel of heaven and earth unfought.  
And still the ball rolls on.

## Tómas Guðmundsson

By DR. EDWARD THORLAKSON

When the first edition of *Fagra Veröld* (Beautiful World) appeared in Reykjavik in November, 1933, it was sold out within a few days. A second edition was published in December of the same year, and a third in November 1934. This interest in a book of poems was exceptional even for a nation of poetry lovers like the people of Iceland. Everybody wanted to read it. Tómas Guðmundsson was affectionately claimed by the citizens of Reykjavik as their own poet, and to show their appreciation they gave him a trip to Spain, so that he could find fresh themes and delight them again with his poems.

The reason for Tómas Guðmundsson's popularity is not far to seek. Though the Icelanders may be justly proud of the intricate splendor of their poetry, they have rarely achieved the intimacy, spontaneity and lightness that dances through every page of Tómas Guðmundsson. Perhaps that is why the young people take special delight in him. He is a mood-maker, a *De Bussy* among the poets. He can be tender, playful and ironic, without ever becoming heavy-handed. At the same time, a lively sense of humor saves him from sentimentality.

His choice of themes also represents a new departure. Icelandic poets have written brilliant and passionate lyrics about their mountains and their glaciers and their waterfalls, they have produced immortal religious poetry like the hymns of Hallgrímur Petursson and Matthías Jochumsson, and many memorable narrative and philosophical poems. In Tómas Guðmundsson we see the emergence of urban sophistication. He writes of Reykjavik and the people of Reykjavik, as Carl Sandburg writes of Chicago, and he does so with a sure lyric touch. Sometimes he writes without rhymes and in a free meter, but the texture of his verse is firm and sparkles with the alliteration, assonance and connotations of sound which are the glory of Icelandic poetry.

### City of the Dead

The night is long for him who awaits the dawning.  
In times gone by we sat by the well together.  
From its quiet depth the stars looked up at us brightly,  
And twinkled a friendly greeting—aeons and aeons ago.

But now their eyes are lifeless with vigil keeping,  
And leave me desolate. Chilled by a dread foreboding,  
I roam the age-long night through the empty streets,  
Deserted by all save the ghosts of the long dead city,  
Silent and still as only the dead are still.  
No whisper I hear from the lips of man or woman,  
No echo rebounds from the waves on the shore line breaking,  
The tread of my feet is lost in the hollow darkness,  
And even the night wind makes no sound in its passing.

I have been waiting, and I have grown weary with waiting.  
I have watched in vain. I know that no one is coming.  
I know they all have fled from the ghostly city.  
The street is deserted that once was thronging with people,  
And houses with half open doors and eyeless windows,  
Forlorn and desolate stand by the empty sidewalks.  
And even the toys of the children lie neglected,  
Where some have departed with never a sign of returning.

But why was I left, for surely I was not sleeping?  
I remember dimly—she laid her hand on my forehead,  
And whispered softly, "Dearest, I will be going."  
The lights went out, and I was alone in the darkness.

And so I am desolate. It was here that we walked together.  
Here in this little garden the blossoming spring first entered.  
I remember the flowers beginning to bloom in May time,  
As the stars gleamed bright on the tender green of the meadow.  
It was here that I saw her smile as soft as the haze of autumn,  
And heard in her voice the trembling rapture of springtime.  
But now she is gone, and never again returning.  
She will never come back. Nothing comes back that has left us.

At night your eyes still shine through the deepening shadows.  
Beloved! I whisper your name to the listening and patient flowers.  
And when the dew drips from the crystal cup of the morning,  
I dream that I hear your feet in the glade returning.

And your nearness makes me glad with a long-lost gladness.  
I hear once again the melodious song of the river  
That delighted my youth as I stood by its rolling waters,  
Which flowed at my feet—forever and ever and ever.  
I remember I thought that time itself was flowing,  
And rushing away to be lost in the infinite ocean.

And now the river of life has taken you from me.  
Darkling I stand by the shore and long for your coming,  
Though I know that never again will morning dawn on our meeting,  
Never again will come the spring and the dawning  
That brought you to me, and finally took you from me.  
Time is still-born. It comes and is gone forever.

My City! You are dead. Your youth has departed from you.  
Lovers no longer seek your cool walks in the evening.  
Never again will the day rise over the hills rejoicing,  
And glide through your streets and your markets with dancing and  
laughter.  
Forgotten your story. Let it be always forgotten.

O night, in whose bosom sorrows and joys are sleeping,  
You keep in the faded leaf the pride of the summer.  
I know that your Eyes enclose both the light and the darkness.  
In your peaceful shadows I look for the light that has left me.  
Make out of my anguish a song that will soothe my longing  
For that which I loved, but now has departed forever.

## Two Outstanding Canadians

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DR. B. J. BRANDSON

At convocation on May 12th, 1944, the University of Manitoba conferred on Dr. Brandur Jonsson Brandson the degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa*. He is the first person of Icelandic birth or descent resident in Canada to receive an honorary degree from a Canadian University. There is general agreement that he is worthy of this distinction and honor as one who has achieved greatly and reached eminence in his chosen field, whose qualities of mind and heart are outstanding, and who has rendered distinguished public service in the field of medical education and practice. He was presented for this degree by one of his former students, Dr. A. T. Mathers, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Manitoba. In introducing him Dr. Mathers said:

Mr. Chancellor:

I am instructed by the Senate to present to you, in order that you may confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa*, Brandur Jonsson Brandson, Bachelor of Arts, Doctor of Medicine, Master of Surgery, Fellow of the Royal

College of Surgeons of Canada and of the American College of Surgeons, Doctor of Medicine *honoris causa* University of Iceland, Grand Knight Commander of the Royal Icelandic Order of the Falcon.

Born in Iceland he came with his parents to Southern Minnesota in 1878. True to their Viking blood and undaunted by the 400 miles of pathless wilderness that lay between their temporary and their destined home, the family travelled to North Dakota in ox drawn covered wagons. Childhood ended for young Brandson when at seventeen he entered Gustavus Adolphus College, emerging from it four years later with his Bachelor's degree. Within a year he enrolled in the Manitoba Medical College. The degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery duly attained, he spent a year of internship in the Winnipeg General Hospital and a further year in Post Graduate study in Dublin, London, and Vienna before commencing practice in Winnipeg.

In spite of a rapidly growing practice he early interested himself in Medical Education and for nearly thirty years contributed his efforts unstintingly to the work of the Faculty of Medicine of this University. From 1926 to 1934 he occupied the Chair of Surgery and was Chief Surgeon to the Winnipeg General Hospital. On retiring from active teaching he became Professor Emeritus of Surgery.

Dr. Brandson's life has been consecrated to the noble ideals of his profession, and in it with his skill and broad human understanding and sympathy he has found opportunity for wholehearted and joyful service. Scarcely less important have been citizenship of high order and wholesome leadership of his people—never forgetting the noble traditions and history of his race, but ever mindful of, and devoted to, the fortunes and good governance of this young land. All who have been the recipients of his service, all who have known him, honor

him. To us who were his students and to whom he taught not Medicine alone but much of the wisdom of life itself, this is an occasion when we may freely speak of and acknowledge our respect and our affection for him as a skilful and kindly surgeon and preceptor, a citizen of high ideals, a man loyal, generous, and never failing in all those things good men do. J. G. J.

★ ★ ★



**THORBERGUR THORVALDSON**  
Scientist

Skagafjarðarsýsla, a county on the northern rim of Iceland's rock-bound icy-coast, has long claimed pre-eminence in that country for its many sons and daughters known to fame for a variety of accomplishments of world wide importance.

Whether this claim rests in all respects on the bed-rock of verity would probably be hard to assert positively, but one thing is certain that the people born within its rugged borders never fail to assert that fact and forever sing the praises of its past and present fame.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in this premier county in Iceland

toward the middle eighties as the last of the glowing summer sun surrendered to the autumn forebodings of winter.

From what we know of Thorbergur Thorvaldson's parents we are bound to conclude that they were rather exceptional in this famous county. And further must remark here, most appropriately, that if it be a physiological fact, as many authorities claim it is, that sons inherit and reproduce the characteristics and mental qualities of the maternal side then a community, not limited by seas or continents, owes obeisance to a pioneer woman of this western land long since gone to her last repose.

Thorbergur Thorvaldson came with his parents from Iceland to Manitoba in the latter eighties and spent early years and boyhood in the Arnes district within two miles of the birthplace of his lifelong friend Vilhjálmur Stefánsson.

It was in the autumn of the year 1900 that a blond, reticent bright eyed boy was ushered into the Registrar's office at Wesley College by his brother Thorvaldur, then a senior at the College.

Since graduating from the University of Manitoba, B. A. (Science Division) in 1906 he has received a Masters degree from Harvard in 1909 and a Doctors degree, (Ph. D.) from the same University two years later.

On conclusion of his studies at Harvard he became a "Travelling Fellow" of the University with "Edward William Hooper Fellowship", the premier fellowship in the University and competitive in the whole Graduate School, then we believe, numbering about 2500 students.

The honours bestowed upon this modest scholar and detailed in three different "Who's Who" (Canadian; American Men of Education; in the Western Hemisphere) and in "Biographical Encyclopedia of the World" is truly amazing. Research associate, Harvard University, professor of Chemistry, University of Saskatchewan 1914-1918 and

head of Dept. of Chemistry since 1919. Director of Research on the Disintegration of Concrete in Alkali Soils in the Prairie Provinces. This was sponsored by the Engineering Institute of Canada and National Research Council. (When this bit of Research was commenced concrete foundations were disintegrating at an alarming rate putting many bridges and buildings in great danger all over the Alkali belt of the Prairie Provinces.) Ten years, tens of thousands of chemically treated cement samples and the whole story is told in eleven words: "This work resulted in the production of an Alkali resistant cement!" (But the fear for the foundations of bridges and buildings was gone.)—Has published about 50 scientific papers on a half a dozen different subjects.

It is, of course, obvious that a great deal of Dr. Thorvaldson's time is taken up by his world wide scientific contacts and yet his mind is likely never quite free from the responsibilities that our scientific men,—especially the Chemists, have so generously undertaken in connection with the present war, and whose already published accomplishments have turned apparent defeats into glorious victories.

In his early years at College Dr. Thorvaldson by his wise choice of courses laid the foundation of a comprehensive basic education by studying Latin, French, German and Icelandic and by devoting two years after graduation to the study

of higher mathematics—this last being the rock that so many scientists strike in their higher researches.

Dr. Thorvaldson has even since his student days been a great traveller and now knows many lands—he has followed the Romantic Rhine, has seen the Tyrol in its loveliness, the Matterhorn and the Alps in their grandeur as well as the multitudinous display of sunlight at Jasper. He has linked up the fjords of Iceland in his travels and has crossed its fastnesses as well as stood on the grim craters at Hekla and seen the Geysirs rise in magnificent, colorful wrath. He knows the Scandinavians at home as he does most of the European peoples.

In private life Dr. Thorvaldson is in the best sense a citizen of the world, hospitable and gracious—one in whom wide learning has emphasized simplicity and humility; and by the way, when the occasion demands can give a most lucid and interesting explanation of the "double stop" as executed by Heifitz.

How can we explain this immigrant lad from the back woods, now one of the masters among those solving the Chemical Riddle of the World? Is it all fidelity to an ideal? Or is it some background inheritance from the Thorvaldson's and Skagafjardarsyslu?

Dear Reader, your conclusion will be as good as mine. —Bjorn Stefansson

## The Icelandic Canadian

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## Canada's Future—Our Responsibility

By GUDRUN EGGERTSON

"The quality of our Canadianism is much more important than the gusto with which we shout it." These were the challenging words of Judge Lindal, used on several occasions.

Like all other nations Canada is facing a period of tremendous change and transition. The question is: "What can we as young Canadians do towards improving the quality of our personal and national life?" We can do much, provided we have a vision of the kind of country we want Canada to be. History has proven that integrity is true wisdom, and common-sense tells us that only by building on moral and spiritual values can we hope to produce a sound and united nation.

We all know that Canada is composed of many different nationalities and ethnic groups. In Winnipeg, the capital city of the Province of Manitoba, and the most cosmopolitan city in the Dominion, over thirty different languages are spoken on the streets. Icelanders have taken the foremost place among the adopted peoples. They have forged to the front in colleges and the universities and Icelandic students have been winners of the Rhodes scholarship. The Icelandic people have also pioneered in the building of Canada in the field of agriculture, industry and politics, and we may well be proud too of the number of our young people who are serving in the Armed Forces.

We, as young Canadians, have a responsibility in moulding the future life of Canada. We must produce a type of leadership that will help to build a Canada that is united, strong and free with a fighting faith and moral courage to protect what we know is right. First of all we must dig down to the roots of our own personal selfishness and dishonesty and exemplify the principle of "give", not "get" in our daily living. Fear, greed and hate must go, and as we strive to clear up the resentments and prejudices that cause disunity between individuals and nations, there will emerge a new spirit wherever we are—in the home, the office, and the factory, or on the farm.

The character of a nation is but the reflection of the character of the individuals within the nation. As each one of us takes steps towards setting his own house in order, the quality of our Canadianism will be improved and will gradually become a force in the life of our country. Then we shall take our rightful place in the Family of Nations and be worthy of the heritage passed on to us by our Icelandic forefathers.

Let us work with others and build together a UNITED CANADA!

**R**EADERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our venture.

THE EDITORS

## *The Canadian Pattern*



It has been pointed out many times that Canadian society is more a varied and brightly colored mosaic than a closely woven tapestry. In other words, we cannot boast a homogeneous people with both racial and cultural unity binding it to a common tradition. Canada is diverse. Even in our geography we are presented with unusual problems of sectionalism and great distances. In a sense the small ribbon of Canadians stretched along the international boundary is held together by its means of communication, by its telegraphs, its railways, and more recently and more strongly by its airlines.

On the other hand, there do exist States that can boast a people with racial and cultural unity, buttressed by a cherished tradition. Iceland is one of these fortunate few among the world's nations. The tradition of Iceland has been a rich and proud one, climaxed this year by the decision of her free people to declare themselves a republic, independent and sovereign. The Icelandic language, preserved from the days of the Scandinavian migrations, is at once a classic and a living language. Through it has been preserved that remarkable literature of which Icelanders and their descendants everywhere are so proud—a literature that includes the incomparable Sagas and Eddas.

Nowhere, then, can we find a greater contrast than between our diverse nation occupying half a continent and that tiny nation on a small island in the North Atlantic. Yet the best of the Icelandic tradition, as maintained by Icelanders and their descendants in Canada, enriches Canadian society and unifies it. It takes more than railways and airlines to draw a people together. Canada is a land of many peoples, each of which must contribute the best of its tradition towards the fashioning of a vigorous nation. But it must never be forgotten that preserving varied traditions in Canada is not an end in itself. It must be done to build and develop a better and richer Canadian tradition.

This is what "The Icelandic Canadian" is doing and for which it must be especially congratulated. Among other things, it has stated in its policy that it will . . . "assist in making the things of value in our Icelandic heritage a living part of ourselves as Canadian citizens and thus improve the quality of our contribution to the distinctively Canadian pattern" . . . and will . . . "place before the people of Canada and particularly the other ethnic groups, our interpretation of the position we should take as Canadian citizens, and thus contribute to Canadian unity by helping to form a common basis of approach." This is a wise and commendable policy.

"The Icelandic Canadian" deserves a high place among Canadian publications. It has shown by the high standard it maintains that Manitoba may well be proud to have it published within its borders. Manitoba may also be proud to be the centre of Canadian citizens of Icelandic descent, and to have the support of their abilities and skills in peace and in war.

Icelanders pioneered in Manitoba, and helped develop many of the Province's most important resources. In the post-war period they and their descendants will be called upon again to aid in the further development of this Province and so, indirectly, of the nation. Already, through "The Icelandic Canadian", they have made a distinctive and lasting contribution.

—Travel and Publicity Bureau,  
Department of Mines and Natural Resources,  
Winnipeg.

## MISS PEARL PALMASON

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

★

One of the finest recitals by a local artist heard in recent seasons was that of the young violinist, Pearl Palmason, at Heliconian Hall Saturday night. She is a native of Western Canada, of Icelandic descent, trained by brilliant instructors in Canada and Europe. Since coming to Toronto she has been a prominent figure in orchestral circles. Her advanced musicianship was revealed last summer by her performance of a Hindemith Sonata, and on Saturday night her recital was comprehensive proof of her brilliant virtuosic gifts. Her personal beauty is no deterrent to her artistry.

One of the notable factors in her playing is her magnificent bowing style, always authoritative and sure; and her left hand technique is so finely developed as to give a perfect balance. Few violinists, even of great fame, are more impressive in attack, and her tone is remarkably full and lovely in quality. Her enthusiasm and poetic musicianship are at all times apparent.

She was fortunate in having the co-operation of the able pianist, Leo Barkin, because the first part of her program made strong demands on pianist as well as violinist.

It began with Grieg's Sonata in C minor, broad in style and deeply emotional. Doubtless Grieg was influenced by the art of one of his teachers, the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull. Miss Palmason's rendering was truly masculine in breadth and fervor, and illumined by lyrical loveliness.

The expressive and romantic Allegretto was especially noteworthy in beauty of intonation and technical finesse. She followed it with Saint-Saens' Concerto for violin and orchestra No. 3 in B minor, one of the finest compositions of its kind, in which Mr. Barkin gave a fine account of himself in a transcription of the orchestral part. Albert Spaulding, who made both his London



and New York debuts in this work, has lately written an account of the dangers with which it is fraught. But Miss Palmason overcame them splendidly and was remarkable in the extended passage in harmonics which concludes the second movement.

Power and beauty of her execution were apparent in the Fugue of Bach's unaccompanied Sonata No. 1. Warmth and radiance marked the interpretation of Rachmaninoff's Romance and a "Jota Aragonesa" by Albinez was a dazzling exhibition of double and triple stopping with steady rhythmical control.

—The Globe and Mail,  
Mon., May 15, 1944.

### VIOLINIST CLIMAXES

IN GRIEG CONCERTO

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Grieg's famous violin-piano concerto was never played here with quite such tremendous tone picture significance as in the recital by Pearl Palmason on Saturday night.

The moment this Icelandic artist, born in Winnipeg, played the savagely magnificent opening phrases, listen-

ers were aware of peculiar vitality in tone, conception and sense of dramatic picture. A velour drape over part of the Heliconian alcove wall softened the violin tone, but three times as much is needed to subdue the ferocious brilliance of the piano, so effectively played by Leo Barkin.

As played by Palmason the picturesque, dramatic delineation of this Grieg work focusses in the opening allegro; marvellous control of climaxes, phrasing cantilena style in pianissimos, exquisite quality of lyric tone and superb control of dynamic. The Romanza movement was beautifully expressive, but not so gripping. The fi-

nale was saved from complete anticlimax by perfect control of the dominant theme.

The Saint-Saens concerto was a comparatively profound technical etude; first allegro notable uncommonplace intervals; andantino in uncanny piccolo effects on the E-string; finale, a blaze of difficult tonal fireworks.

Part of a Bach Sonata (unaccompanied) was perfunctory in allegro and cleverly illusional in the Fuge, Rachmaninoff's nobly emotional Romance was an intense elaboration of melancholia.

—Toronto Daily Star,  
Mon., May 15, 1944.



## FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

By L. A. C. J. AUBREY BENSON.

Blue sky with depth like a quiet  
Unbelievably blue, blue sea.  
Here below I gaze upward and marvel  
At the soft, silvery balls of fluff  
Drifting toward the brink  
Of the earth.

Up, up, up and the balls of fluff  
Become brilliant, breathless mountains  
Miraculously hovering  
Over the patchwork earth.  
Mountains towering  
Five thousand feet,  
Now a peak is soft and round;  
Now it is jagged and dangerous.

Cool, clean and crystal white,  
Formless, yet with a thousand forms  
All God's creatures rising  
in their Glory.  
Suddenly there is no earth;  
Dust, smoke and human rubbish  
Disappear from Time.  
Past and future are no more.  
"The Almighty Instant reigns—  
And with it—FREEDOM.

## *In the Halls of Learning*

### SCHOLARSHIPS



**VORDIS FRÍÐFINNSON** won two scholarships; the Richardson Scholarship of \$200.00 and the Gamma Phi Beta scholarship of \$100.00.

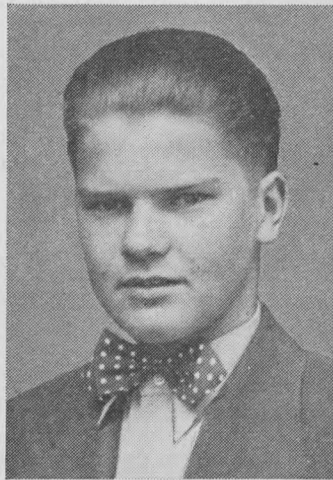
In her third year she was awarded the Manitoba Scholarship of \$325. for two consecutive years. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. N. S. Friðfinnson of Arborg Man.



**AÐALSTEINN I. KRISTJÁNSSON**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fridrik Kristjánsson, 205 Ethelbert St. Winnipeg, \$80. first year Law.



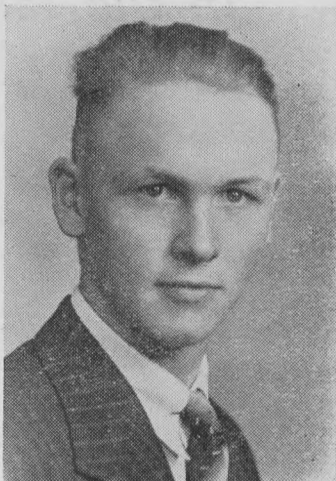
**THORA SIGURDSON**, daughter of Sigurbjörn Sigurdson and Kristbjörg Vopni Sigurdson, Winnipeg won the Sellers Scholarship of \$100.00.



**GLEN A. LILLINGTON**, son of H. A. Lillington and Christjana Johnson Lillington, 855 Spruce St. Winnipeg, Isbister Scholarship, \$60.00, second year science.



**HANS RAYMOND BECK**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johann Beck 975 Ingersoll St. Winnipeg, \$80., first year Engineering.

**Florence Valdina Stefansson****Kristinn Gislason**

Two students of the Correspondence Branch of the Department of Education have won distinction, each being awarded a Roger Goulet Scholarship of \$75. by the Department in recognition of the excellence of their work in Grade

10 done entirely by correspondence. They are: Florence Valdina Stefansson daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Palmi Stefansson of Steep Rock, Man. and Kristinn Gislason son of Mr. and Mrs. Thorsteinn Gislason also of Steep Rock, Man.



### **GRADUATE NURSES FROM WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL 1944**

**Sylvia Marteinson**, daughter of Ernest Marteinson and Ingibjorg Thorsteinson Marteinson, Transcona, Man.

**Lauga Egilson**, daughter of Mrs. Ella Egilson and the late Mr. Egilson of Calder, Sask.

**Sigurrrós Bjarnason**, daughter of Eirik-ur and Steinunn Bjarnason of Arborg, Man.

**Elva Georgene Helgason**, daughter of Earl and Sigrun Helgason, 1081 Dominion St., Winnipeg.

**Margaret Freeman**.

We regret not having more information concerning graduates and scholarship winners. The staff of The Icelandic Canadian would appreciate very much if people in various part of Canada and the United States, who have such information would mail same to Mrs. H. J. Lindal, 912 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man. hÍú

## **SCHOLARSHIP**

**WE HAVE A SCHOLARSHIP FOR SALE WITH A RELIABLE  
BUSINESS COLLEGE IN WINNIPEG**

**Apply G. Reykdal, 301 Great West Permanent Bldg., Winnipeg—Phone 96 306**

## Letter to the Editor

✧

### IS ALLITERATION NECESSARY IN ICELANDIC RHYMING?

An article in your No 2, Vol. 3 on the absence of alliterative metre in rhyming in English intrigued me. The matter had occurred to me a very long time ago, and I had then satisfied myself that the answer was not far to seek. English rhyming not only does not require it, but it would tend to degrade it. This is borne out by the fact that poets writing in English, even those most meticulous about form, have not felt the need of it....

"This is the forest primeval. The  
murmuring pines and the hem-  
locks

Bearded with moss and in garments  
green indistinct in the twilight."

Or try to get the "feel" of Gray's Elegy in the form of slavish adherence to alliteration. So far from requiring it, it would definitely cheapen and degrade it, and beyond the third stanza would tire the ear. It would be like Beethoven's Ninth written in thirds, admittedly the "sweetest combination of sounds," but which quickly palls when overdone.

The need—if it is a need—of alliterative meter in Icelandic rhyming is probably due to the peculiar quality of the language that the accent must always fall on the first syllable of a word with following syllables trailing along, it matters not how many, in an even key, like a note struck on a piano, beginning with a bang and then tapering off into nothingness. This may be the reason that it is such a poor vehicle for declamation, and at once that it requires such artificial adornment as accented alliteration (quickly overdone as in the foregoing) in rhymed form.

The Icelandic tongue is not only a lumbering vehicle, very difficult to ride, but its "limitations are boundless" (by way of example, express that three-word contradiction in anything under a dozen Icelandic words. Lonely wanderers from

Icelandic shores in far places may believe that it is

"... ylhýra málið  
og allri rödd fegra"

but that is a gross overstatement. It is not a pretty language, except when nostalgic yearning associates it with remembered pleasures. Above all, it is a difficult language as a vehicle of expression.

There is a question in my mind whether this alliteration (*stuðlar*) in Icelandic rhyming is quite as necessary as so many seem to think—

ísland, farsælda-frón  
og hagsælda hrímhvíta móðir . . ."

Is it not as well a matter of habit? And is the steed of Icelandic poesy to be forever confined to this gait of form?

Think of Milton, writing on his blindness, seeking for alliterative words to conform to a pattern like this:

Tommy found his flute had  
sounded

False, and ground his teeth in  
rage. . . ."

Strike out, ye Icelandic poetasters, to explore what may be done WITHOUT alliterative metre, rather than try to introduce it in English rhyming, which is better without it! —L. F.

★

### SASKATCHEWAN GRADUATES

OLIVER EGGERT LAXDAL, Kuroki, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Laxdal will continue in medicine.  
RAYMOND THORSTEINSON, Wynyard, Sask. certificate in geology.

WILLIS MERWYN JOHNSON, Beadle, Sask. Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. Mr. Johnson was the chairman of the Students Representative Council.

BARNEY THORVARDUR STEPHANSON, Elfros, Sask. Bachelor of Science in Agricultural Engineering. Mr. Stefanson is at present employed by the Alberta Government as an agricultural engineer.

LEO THORDARSON, Mozart, Sask. B. A. of Education. Mr. Thordarson is principal of the Macklin School Sask.

## MARGARET SIGFUSSON



Our pioneer settlements usually had among their people some individuals who, because of special attainments and natural endowments were able to give invaluable leadership and assistance during the early difficult years of settlement. They were the organizers of social life; they were the prime movers in establishing schools and churches, and in initiating local improvements. Most valued of all, in those pioneer days, were the ones who could give aid when sickness or accidents occurred. Such was Margret Sigfusson, who for so many years ministered with skill and devotion to the people in her district. It is as a fitting tribute that we here give this brief sketch of this grand old lady.

The pioneers who settled in the marshy district east of the Narrows on Lake Manitoba, found themselves about one hundred miles distant from the nearest railway and the nearest doctor. Travel, especially in summer, was very difficult; for the only roads were the primitive trails skirting the swamps or marshy inlets of the lake. Travel in summer was therefore, as often as not on foot, in winter, by open sleigh.

Just at the turn of the century, Mr. and Mrs. Sigurður Sigfusson came from

Iceland and settled in this district. Mrs. Sigfusson had had some training and experience in nursing in the Old Country. They were to be of inestimable benefit to the people among whom the Sigfussons came to live. Mrs. Sigfusson was soon making frequent trips through the settlement in response to calls for assistance. In spite of the many and arduous duties of a farmer's wife; whatever the season or weather, big-hearted Mrs. Sigfusson was always ready to answer such appeals. In summer these journeys often involved miles of walking over difficult terrain, had to be made on foot; in winter, there were long cold drives. Sometimes she was away from her home a matter of hours; sometimes for days together.

During the years when medical help was rarely available, she took charge of maternity cases in the district. Here she was remarkably successful; for she never lost a patient,—surely a testimony to her good judgment, painstaking care, and faithful attention. Mrs. Sigfusson has long since lost count of the number of cases she has attended; they were not a matter of financial record or publicity.

The people of the district hold Mrs. Sigfusson in high esteem, and on two occasions have given warm and tangible expression of their love for her. In 1918, after her recovery from an illness, they gave her a banquet and presented her with some fine pieces of furniture. Again, in 1940, a number of the younger people whose mothers she had attended, held a gathering in her honor and gave her a silver loving cup. On that occasion the late Rev. Guðmundur Arnason, on behalf of the people of the district, paid a glowing tribute to the many years of unselfish service she had given in the settlement.

Although more than eighty wears of age, Margret Sigfusson is still hale and hearty; and loved by young and old is not without honor in the community which she so long and devotedly served.

—J. G. J.

**J. J. SWANSON**

At its inaugural meeting, the city's dwelling rehabilitation committee appointed J. J. Swanson as chairman. This committee was recently set up by council to investigate housing conditions where the health department considered the habitation unsuitable for humans.

**MR. JUSTICE BERGMAN**

has been appointed Judge of the Court of Appeal in Manitoba also chairman of the board of directors of the University of Manitoba..

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## News from The Icelandic Canadian Club

A meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on April 16 in the Antique Tea Rooms, Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

At that meeting a resolution was unanimously passed that a five member committee of the Icelandic Canadian Club be struck for the purpose of co-operating with individuals or organizations in supporting a move already initiated, towards the establishment of a chair in Icelandic at the University of Manitoba. One of the members of the committee to be the president of the club, and another, the chairman of

the committee, if any, in charge of temporary instruction in Icelandic.

The following constitute the present committee:

Mrs. H. Danielson  
Mr. Snorri Jonasson  
Rev. Halldor E. Johnson  
Judge W. J. Lindal  
Mr. Arni Eggertson

Two contributions have already been announced, one from Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson of \$5000.00 and another from the estate of the late Magnus Hinrikson of Churchbridge, Sask. amounting to \$2500.00.

## OUR WAR EFFORT

### An Uncle and Two Nephews



Pte. Wm. Thorarinson



Capt. W. S. Dewar



L.A.C. D. S. Dewar



**PTE. WILLIAM THORARINSON**—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 5, 1916, enlisted in April 1940 with a New Westminster Regiment, Trained at Dundurn, Sask., and Camp Borden. Embarked for overseas in the fall of 1941 and is serving with the Armoured Division of his regiment in Italy. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Vilhjálmur Thorarinson.



**CAPT. WALTER S. DEWAR**—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 4, 1921, enlisted with the P.P.C.L.I. in the fall of 1940. Prior to enlisting he had served two years with the Manitoba University C.O.T.C. Went overseas as a lieutenant in Sept. 1942. Took part in the invasion of Sicily and Italy. Received his promotion to captain in Italy, where he is now serving.

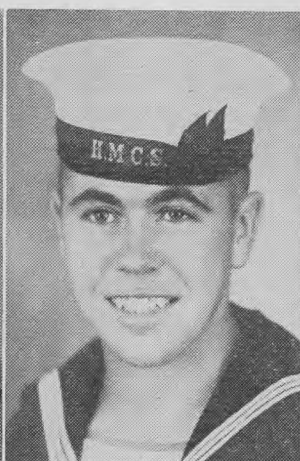


**L.A.C. DUNNY S. DEWAR**—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 28, 1924, enlisted with the R.C.A.F. January 1943. Trained at Toronto and St. Thomas. Went overseas in the fall of 1943 and is now serving in England.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. W. S. DEWAR OF WINNIPEG, MAN.**



Gnr. Carl Anderson



O.S. Erlend Anderson



Gnr. G. W. Anderson

**GNR. CARL ANDERSON**—Born at Wynyard, Sask., Feb. 17, 1920. Enlisted with the Royal Canadian Army active June 18, 1941. Arrived in England in August 1942.

**O.S. ERLEND ANDERSON**—Born at Wynyard, Sask., July 30, 1922. Enlisted with the R.C.N.V.R. in Dec. 1942. Now stationed at Halifax, N. S.

**GNR. GUDMUNDUR WILLIAM ANDERSON**—Born at Wynyard, Sask., Oct. 26, 1914. Enlisted with the Royal Canadian Army June 1941, arrived in England in August 1942. Died in England July 5, 1943.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. HANNES ANDERSON, WYNYARD, SASK.**



Pte. Allan O. Thorleifson



Gnr. Herbert L. Thorleifson

**PTE. ALLAN O. THORLEIFSON**—Born at Langruth, Man., Dec. 7, 1919, enlisted March 1941 in R.C.O.C. Trained at Portage La Prairie, Hamilton and Debart, N. S. Went overseas in July 1942 and is now serving in England.

**GNR. HERBERT L. THORLEIFSON**—Born at Langruth, Man., Sept. 7, 1923, enlisted in March 1942 as a gunner, trained at Brandon and went overseas in Sept. 1942. Was sent to North Africa in Oct. 1943, now serving in Italy with the 8th Army.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. G. THORLEIFSON OF LANGRUTH, MAN.**

## THREE OFFICERS

★

### FLIGHT-LIEUT J. P. SIGVALDASON

Born at Baldur, Man., Feb. 9, 1904. Graduated with a B.A. degree from the University of Manitoba in 1933. Was appointed Inspector of Schools for the Province of Manitoba in 1937, and received a degree of B.Ed. In 1939 he was appointed Acting Chief Administrative Officer in the Manitoba Department of Education. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Nov. 1942 and went to England in February 1944 where he now serves. His parent are Mr. & Mrs. Einar Sigvaldason of Baldur, Man.

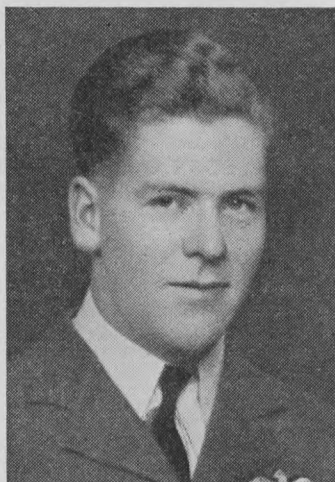


Flt.-Lieut. J. P. Sigvaldason

★

### FLIGHT-LIEUT. STANLEY GOODMAN

Son of the late Mr. & Mrs. John Goodman, born in Winnipeg Feb. 1916. He enlisted in the R.A.F. in Ottawa, April 1938 and went to England where he received his training as a pilot. He graduated and received his commission in 1939, and was made an instructor in navigation. Posted back to Canada as an instructor in 1940. Ferried a bomber to England in Jan. 1944, and is now serving on operations.



Flt.-Lieut. Stanley Goodman

★

### FLIGHT-LIEUT. DON HENRICKSON

Born in Winnipeg Sept. 6, 1917, son of Mrs. Thjodbjorg Henrickson and the late Mr. H. G. Henrickson. He graduated from Johannesson's Flying School in 1939, and enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1940, graduating from Yorkton in 1941. He was an instructor at Prince Edward Island and Mossbank, Sask. Embarked for overseas in Dec. 1943, where he is now serving.



Flt.-Lieut. Don Henrickson



**Capt. O. G. Björnson**



**L.A.C. O. F. Björnson Jr.**

**CAPT. O. G. BJORNSON**—Born in Iceland Sept. 13, 1893, enlisted in the R.C.A. in Nov. 1940 and is serving with the 17th Coast Regiment at Prince Rupert, B. C., as paymaster. Capt. Bjornson served in World War 1 from 1916—1919.

**L.A.C. O. F. BJORNSEN JR.**—Born in Winnipeg, Man. July 7, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Feb. 1941 and trained at Brandon, Regina and Calgary. Went overseas in Feb. 1943 where he serves as a Aerial Photographer. He is the son of Capt. and Mrs. O. G. Bjornson of Winnipeg, Man.



**A.B. Halldor M. Johnson**



**A.B. Elswood S. Johnson**

**A.B. HALLDOR M. JOHNSON**—Born Jan. 10, 1926 at Saskatoon, Sask. He enlisted in March 1943. Received his training on the west coast; now serving at sea.

**A.B. ELSWOOD S. JOHNSON**—Born May 26, 1924, at Saskatoon, Sask. He enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. May 7, 1942. Trained at Edmonton, Esquimalt and Prince Rupert. Reported missing on the H.M.C.S. Athabaskan in April 1944.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. SVEINN JOHNSON OF EDMONTON, ALTA.**

**A.C. L. H. Halldorson****Lieut. H. K. Halldorson****S.P.O. G. K. Halldorson**

**A.C. LOUIS H. HALLDORSON**—Born at Leslie, Sask., April 20, 1924, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. April 1943, at present training at Centralia, Ont.

**LIEUT. HALDOR K. HALLDORSON**—Born at Leslie, Sask., Dec 4, 1918, enlisted in the R.C.A. Radio and Signals branch, July 1940, and is now serving overseas.

**S.P.O. GISLI K. HALLDORSON**—Born at Leslie, Sask., March 8, 1921, enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. April 1941. Serving on H.M.C.S. Naden, Esquimalt, B. C.

**SONS OF MRS. K. SIGURDSON OF LANGLEY PRAIRIE, B. C., AND HER FORMER HUSBAND THE LATE THOMAS S. HALLDORSON OF LESLIE, SASK.**

**Capt. Richard S. M. Hannesson**

★

**CAPT. RICHARD S. M. HANNESSON**

★

Born in Winnipeg May 13, 1915. Graduated in Language Honor Course from the University of Manitoba, and won the French Scholarship, which entitled him to carry on his studies in France. Owing to the outbreak of war he was unable to avail himself of this opportunity. While at the University he trained with the C.O.T.C., and enlisted with the Cameron Highlanders in Oct. 1940 as a Lieutenant. Went overseas in Dec. 1940, receiving his Captains rank after he arrived in England, where he is now serving. He is the son of Col. and Mrs. H. M. Hannesson formerly of Winnipeg, now of Duncan, B. C.

★

## Father and Four Sons



Pte. Hafsteinn Oliver

**TPR. V. T. OLIVER**—Born at Winnipegosis, Man., Aug. 14, 1926, enlisted in July 1943 in the Fort Garry Horse Armoured Division and is now training at Aldershot, N. S.

**PTE. F. A. OLIVER**—Born at Winnipegosis, Man., Sept. 12, 1924, enlisted May 1943 and is now training with the Cameron Highlanders at Camp Shilo, Man.

**TPR. OSCAR G. OLIVER**—Born at Winnipegosis, Nov. 21, 1921. Enlisted July 1941 in the 18th Manitoba Armoured Car Regiment. Has been serving overseas since 1942.

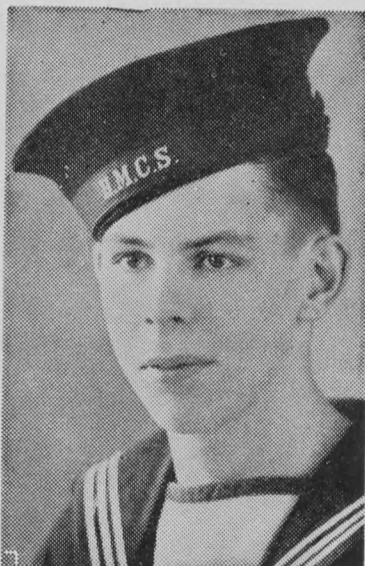
**SGT. SIGURDUR OLIVER**—Enlisted in April 1942 with the Fort Garry Horse Armoured Reserve. Sgt. Oliver took part in World War. I.

**PTE. HAFSTEINN OLIVER**—Born at Winnipegosis April 3, 1923. Enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C. in Oct. 1941 and has been serving with the 18th General Hospital Unit, overseas since July 1943.

**SONS OF SGT. AND MRS. S. OLIVER  
OF WINNIPEGOSIS, MAN.**



S.P.O. W. R. Pottruff



A.B. R. D. Pottruff

**S.P.O. WALLACE RANKIN POTTRUFF**—Born Dec. 14, 1921 in Winnipeg. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. Oct. 1941. Received his training at Esquimalt, Saskatoon and Toronto. Embarked for overseas Jan. 1944. Now serving on a Canadian corvette.

**A.B. ROY DOUGLAS POTTRUFF**—Born Sept. '22, 1924 in Winnipeg. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. April 1942. Took gunnery course at Esquimalt, later stationed at Halifax, N. S. and Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A. Embarked for overseas on loan to the British Navy Jan. 1944. Now serving on minesweeper.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. WALLACE R. POTTRUFF OF WINNIPEG AND  
GRANDSONS OF THE LATE CHRISTIAN OLAFSON**



Capt. J. Christian Julius

★

**CAPT. J. CHRISTIAN JULIUS**

★

Born at Gimli, Man., June 16, 1904. Enlisted in the R.C.A.P.C. in Nov. 1941, and embarked for overseas in April 1942. Is now serving in England.

He is the son of Mrs. Sigurbjörg Julius and the late C. B. Julius of Winnipeg, Man.

★

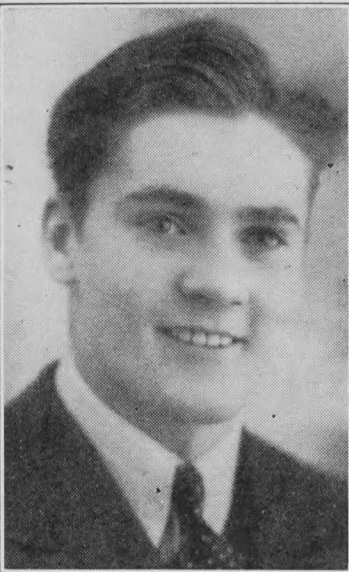
## In Memoriam

★

### FLT.-SGT. THORHALL BALDUR LIFMAN

Born at Arborg, Man., Aug. 9, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in December 1941. Trained at Brandon and Regina. Embarked for overseas in December 1942. He was reported missing in August 1943 and later reported killed in action over Germany. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lifman of Arborg, Man.

★



Flt.-Sgt. Thorhall B. Lifman

### P.O. JAMES LEONARD DRYSDALE

Reported missing in July 1943 and has since been reported as presumed dead. He enlisted in R.C.A.F. in May 1941, trained at Portage La Prairie and Dauphin, Man. He received his wings in March 1942, and went overseas in May of that year. When last heard from was flying Lancaster bomber on his 21st flight over Germany.

He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. James and Mary (Swanson) Drysdale of Winnipeg.



P.O. James Leonard Drysdale

★

### SGT. JOHANN AUBREY BENSON

Born in Selkirk in April 1920, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johann Benson, formerly of Selkirk now of Winnipeg. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in May 1941. He died in a plane crash while training near St. Gabriel de Brandon, Quebec.



Sgt. Johann Aubrey Benson

## The Stones Talk

By CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

Editor's Note: The author came to Canada with her parents at the age of ten, and grew up in the Icelandic settlement at Churchbridge, Saskatchewan. Always fond of reading, she eventually began to try her hand at writing and has had some of her work published. She has been in the Canadian Women's Army Corps for over two years and is stationed at Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg.

★

It's mighty funny about that cairn. Solveig and I often talk about it. Not funny that it should be there, streamlined and proudly perfect on the lawn by the community hall, right beside the church. No, but it's funny that the cairn we old fellows built out of the fullness of our hearts isn't the one that's there today. It wasn't good enough. Now, that would have been pretty hard to take if we hadn't been the first to see it and say it ourselves.

When fifty years had passed since the first one of us set his feet on this wild virgin soil, we naturally wanted to do something about it—drive a stake, so to speak. Not that we needed to. When you have taken your bread from the soil and buried your dead in it for fifty years, and dug the foundation of your home and your church deep into it, it sure becomes yours. Make no mistake about that.

Take Solveig, for instance. When we first came to this country she pined her heart out to be back in Iceland. Said she hated it here—that the flat prairie was like a face without a nose. Even after our first baby was born she was no angel to get along with.

But then the baby took sick and Solveig didn't sleep for nights—just nursed that child and watched over him night and day. That's one thing I can't understand about women. Frail and slim as Solveig was then, she stood like a hero and didn't break until the fight was over. There is steel in women.

We buried the little one in ground that was consecrated two years later.

But there was a change in Solveig. Sometimes I watched her looking out through the window as if she wanted

to see the whole country—not over and beyond it like she used to. I think that's when her heart took root.

Solveig is funny, though. After all these years I still can't always figure her out. Three children we buried in that little plot by the church, and each time it was like tearing the heart out of her. Only Gunnar lived. He is our youngest; tall and fair like his mother, and with blue eyes that can blaze like hers, or freeze you cold.

She always did spoil him—let him have his own way in everything. He used to sit and whittle birds and funny little figures from wood by the hour, and sometimes he'd say that when he grew up he'd cut his ideas into stone—stone that would last forever. Solveig was very proud of him and always encouraging him, but I was afraid to, because when it comes to things like that many are good, but few are good enough.

This is what surprised me, though. Gunnar was only seventeen when he took a notion to join the army in 1916. I wouldn't hear of it, of course. He was only a child and didn't know his own mind. But Solveig wouldn't let me stop him. Solveig, who loved him so fiercely!

"Oh, I know you could stop this by just telling his age, Jon," she said to me, "but you mustn't. I know the way he feels. Don't you think that I want to stop him too?" She broke into sobs then. "We've no right to, Jon. He's got to be free to do what he feels is right."

Well, we didn't stop him, but I always regretted it, for he never settled down with us after he came back. Oh he spent his summers with us while he was going to University, but as soon as that was over, off to the States he went and took

to sculpturing. It made me mad, because I had counted on him coming back and taking over this home I've built. It's a mighty fine one, and this part of the country is good enough for anybody who wants to do good, useful work.

But Solveig said; "He's got to live the way he wants to, Jon. Maybe he has something even better to give the world than wheat for bread."

Well, wheat for bread is mighty important to my mind, and I could have told her that while you may not live by bread alone, you certainly don't live without it, but I wasn't quick enough.

This is not what I started to talk about, but every time I think of that cairn, it reminds me of so many things.

Anyway, that fiftieth anniversary year we started to plan our celebration a way back in February, although the actual date doesn't fall until July. But in our community we always talk about things for a long time and argue our heads off before we start anything, and then we rush it all through at the last minute. It was after the middle of June when the first public meeting was held and we appointed committees and started to work.

We all agreed that a cairn should be built and unveiled the day of the celebration, and that inside it should be placed a metal tube containing the

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names of all those, dead and alive, who had settled in the community.

I was mighty surprised when they put me on the cairnbuilding committee, for I'm no artist. Oh, I knew what I'd feel about the cairn. I'd feel plenty, but I'm no man to sort out feelings and express them. No, I'm no artist. Anyway, I figured I'd do all right. After all, there were three of us on the committee and what one didn't know the others would.

Solveig and I both got busy. She was on the invitation committee, and they couldn't have chosen better, for she loves to welcome people. The warmth of her reaches toward you and closes all around you. A queen of a hostess, Solveig.

We got along fine with the cairn. We didn't always agree just where to put a stone or how to place it. We hadn't expected to, because that has never been our way. We've had some pretty brisk scraps these fifty years, but they've always brought us closer together. When everybody speaks his mind clean at the right time, you come to an understanding, and no hard feelings.

On one thing we did agree. We'd make the cairn from our native stone, rough and natural, picked up at random on the prairie. It would be a massive, rugged thing, we all said, in keeping with the country and ourselves.

I often thought of Gunnar when I

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was working on the cairn. "Stone that lasts forever," he had said when he was just a tousle-topped scamp. Later he sometimes said that you could make the stones talk, but the thought only made me sore inside like always. Gunnar cut stone with an artist's hand, but our story he could never make it tell, because he had never belonged here. He had always wanted to get away. He had never even brought his wife and little son here to see us.

We finished the cairn late the day before the jubilee celebration. Before we draped the shroud around it, we stood, three old comrades, and viewed our work in the rays of the setting sun.

"There is one more job we've done together, Jon," said Arni Bjornson. "Remember the summer we built this church, thirty-five years ago. It still stands and not a bad building.

"Well, we've improved it a lot," said Magnus Anderson. "It could still be improved, but it's a lot better than that first one we built, the rough log one."

"Talking about logs, though," chuckled Arni, "that first school house we built beat everything. Didn't know much about logs then, but that was forty-nine years ago. Glad it ain't here to compare with the new one we've got now."

"Well, at least we built it, and that's something," said Magnus. "Our children always had a school.

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"Both our kids are coming up for the jubilee tomorrow," Magnus said suddenly.

"We're expecting Gisli," Arni said simply.

I felt suddenly old and tired. We had been too busy to think about it these last few happy days, while we talked and dreamed in the past, but our deepest longing had always been to gather our children—all of them—around that cairn we had built in the heart of our community. But Gunnar—always too far away to be part of us.

I drove my fine new car home slowly, for I had fifty years to remember, and I wanted to get some of the heaviness off my heart before I came home to Solveig, for I knew the longing for Gunnar was as strong in her heart as mine. But our dearest wishes we seldom speak. We just pray silently and always know we're together.

We didn't sleep that night. We had too much to remember. I found Solveig's hand and held it. There is strange

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steadying comfort in her hands. They're hard now—not like they used to be. They have smoothed too many things for me—and for Gunnar too. Again that anger rose in me. He hadn't even bothered to answer his mother's letter and tell her he wasn't coming.

I got up very early the next morning, and the soft sea of gold and rose in the eastern sky was just breaking into one glorious ball of light when I carried the milk pails toward the house.

I stopped short—thought I heard the soft purr of a motor. I turned and looked toward the gate. A long grey roadster glided through and threaded its way smoothly up the avenue of maples toward the house. My steps quickened. The heavy milk pails were like feathers in my hands, and little hammers beat hard against my temples.

I slipped through the back door into the kitchen and put down my two pails. Solveig wasn't there. She must have gone out to talk to the people in the car. I got some water in a basin

and started to wash my hands slowly, deliberately. No use getting excited—probably just a salesman, anyway.

The door flew open and a dark bit of a girl, all in white, blew in, and right behind her a man, tall and fair, in white flannels and sport shirt open at the throat—Gunnar! That was a moment to remember. I don't know how it happened, but before I knew, that bit of a girl was in my arms and I was stroking her soft black hair. Gunnar was saying: "This is Grace, Dad, but you seem to have taken it for granted. Where did Mamma get to?"

Just then Solveig came in with a toddler by the hand. "Dad, this is Jon," Grace said. "He almost kept us home. Decided to get measles. That's why we didn't write to you. We kept hoping he'd get over it in time, and he did."

I looked at Solveig. She was smiling, but she was holding on to that little hand awfully hard. I knew how she was feeling. Solveig is still a lot like Iceland.

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Usually so calm and cool outside, but always that seething volcano inside.

We drove to the jubilee together in Gunnar's car—the whole family. Gunnar and I sat together in front with the little fellow between us, and the women seemed to enjoy themselves in the back. I told Gunnar all about our cairn—how we had built it ourselves from our own prairie stone, unhewn and unpolished. He seemed to enjoy it very much.

Everybody was so surprised and happy to see our boy, and I was proud of him and his lovely wife and child, and so was Solveig. I could see it in her eyes. We stood close together when they unveiled the cairn. A weakening thrill ran through my whole body when they swung the curtain aside. It was good to have a family then.

Suddenly the cairn stood before us, naked in the bright July sunshine, and I felt a stab of disappointment. It looked just like a great ugly pile of rough grey stone, without plan or design.

I saw Gunnar look hard at the cairn, then eagerly across the land, as if he wanted to see it all and all that was in it. His face warmed up with that quick inner light when he looked back to the cairn. In that strong, sensitive face I saw something then that had come to him through many generations, something that would go to little Jon, and on and on—something smooth and fine that would last forever.

"Gunnar," I faltered, "I'm not satisfied

with that cairn. It's—it's not like anything else we've got."

"It's just not finished. Dad, but it's all there—good material—your prairie stone, rough and uncultured like the land you came to".

"But look at the land now," Solveig said, and the words rushed warmly from her lips. "We've lived for it; we've smoothed and cultivated it, foot by foot. Oh, it's beautiful now, like a poem from the old Eddas, because—because the land was good when we came to it, and we've given it all we had."

"Like a poem from the Eddas," strong, rugged, heroic, with promised overtones of a richer, smoother melody. That was it! I looked at Gunnar. His face was aglow with what he saw and understood and what his heart was feeling.

Gunnar who cuts stone with an artist's hand has made it tell our story. It's all there now, in that proud and graceful thing on the lawn by the community hall, right beside the church—all that we were and have become and all that we are to be.

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## June 17th in America

On June 17, we of Icelandic descent in America, no matter where we reside, rejoice with the people of Iceland upon the restoration of the republic. The freedom and independence we have enjoyed here is what we would want our kinsfolk in the mother country to enjoy as well. A common freedom has strengthened the common bonds.

It was therefore to be expected that celebrations and festive gatherings would be the order of the day in communities where there are substantial groups of Icelanders. Such indeed was the case.

Here in Winnipeg a concert was held on June 16 in the First Lutheran Church. It was under the auspices of a committee representing the main Icelandic organizations in Winnipeg: the National League and Frón, the Icelandic Canadian Club, the First Lutheran and the First Federated Church, the Good Templars lodges Hekla and Skuld, the Jon Sigurdsson Chapter of the I. O. D. E., the Icelandic Celebration Committee and the Male Voice Choir.

At this largely attended gathering a resolution was enthusiastically passed extending hearty congratulations to the government and people of Iceland and cabled to the president.

Equally impressive celebrations took place at Hnaua, Manitoba, and Wynyard, Sask. and at other points in Icelandic settlements both in Western

Canada and south of the line particulars of which had not reached the magazine at the time of going to press.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation offered a half hour on its coast to coast network in recognition of the restoration of the republic. Icelanders in America and indeed in Iceland as well have reason to be grateful to the C. B. C. for their generous offer. It is a clear indication of the appreciation being shown throughout the free world of the contribution to the democratic way of life which Iceland has made, not only in its struggle for independence but in its whole history of over a thousand years.

We are indebted to the Prime Minister of Canada Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, for his greetings. That he should at this crisis in the war be willing to take time off to deliver his friendly message is indeed a compliment to Icelanders everywhere. The cavalcade of leading events in Iceland's history was rendered by artists of the C. B. C. with feeling and clarity.

Judge G. Grimson of North Dakota found the radio stations in the Dakotas and Minnesota equally as willing as the CBC to assist in giving recognition to Iceland's Independence Day. The half hour programme on the main stations in those three states consisted of music, messages of appreciation and a fifteen minute address by Judge Grimson himself, which the magazine hopes to be able to publish in its next issue. —W.J.L.

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Middle row, left to right: Una Maria Peturson, Violet Gladys Elaine Felsted, Helga Norma Sigurdson.

Bottom row, left to right: Bernhart Gordon Ingimundson, Lillian Gudny Jonsson, William Lawrence Palson.

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**Ernest Peter Johnstone**, son of the late Paul Johnstone and Mrs. Johnstone, 708 Banning St., Winnipeg, won the University Silver Medal.

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**Eggert Thomas Feldsted** is the son of Eggert Feldsted and Jonina Thomas Feldsted, 525 Dominion St., Winnipeg.

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**Bryan Herman Arason**, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Arason of Cypress River, Man.

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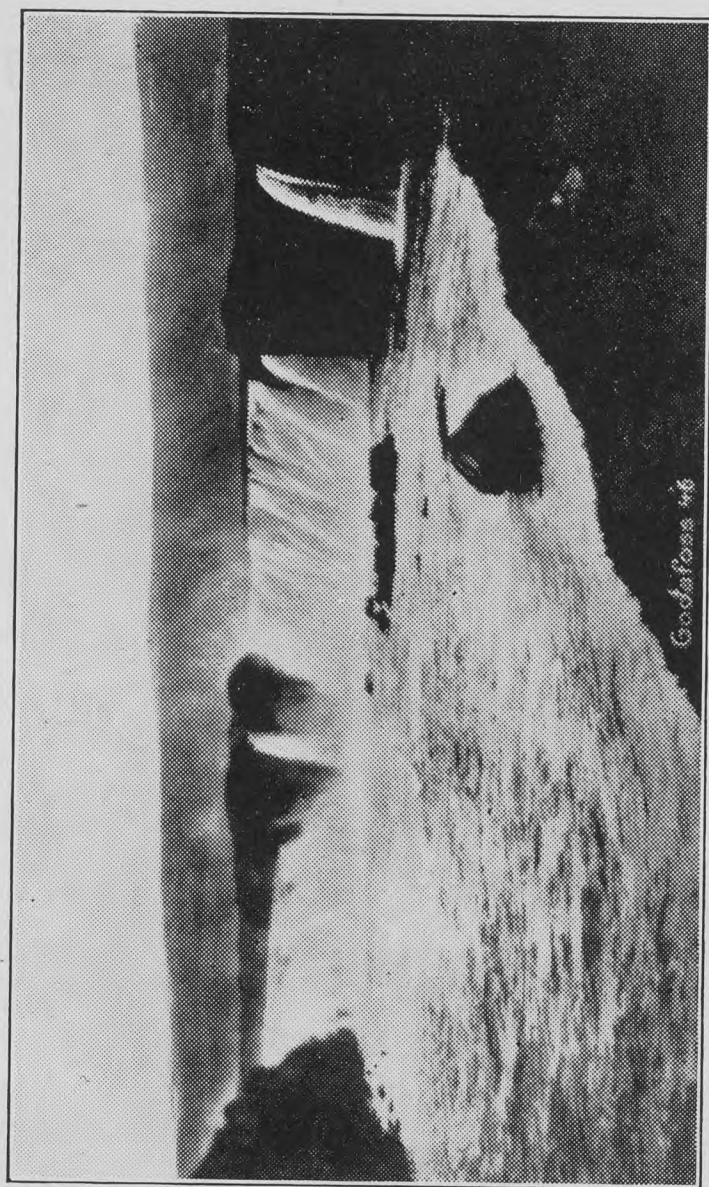
# *The Icelandic Canadian*



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GODAFOSS IN ICELAND

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